"Outwitting the Hun"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

CHAPTER XII.

—8—

The Forged Passport.

For obvious reasons, I cannot describe the man to whom I applied for the passport nor the house in which he lived. While, in view of what subsequently happened, I would not be very much concerned if he got into trouble for having dealt with me, I realize that the hardships he had endured in common with the other inhabitants of that conquered city may possibly have distorted his idea of right and justice, and I shall not deliberately bring further disaster on him by revealing his identity.

This man—we will call him Huyliger because that is as unlike his name as it is mine—was very kind to me on that memorable night when I aroused him from his sleep and in a few words of explanation told him of my plight.

He invited me inside, prepared some food for me and, putting on a dressing gown, came and sat by me while I ate, listening with the greatest interest to the short account of my adventures.

He could speak English fluently, and he interrupted me several times to express his sympathy for the sufferings I had endured.

"O'Brien," he said, after I had concluded my story, "I am going to help you. It may take several days—perhaps as long as two weeks—but eventually we will provide the means to enable you to get to Holland."

I thanked him a thousand times and told him that I didn't know how I could possibly repay him.

"Don't think of that," he replied; "the satisfaction of knowing that I have aided in placing one more victim of the Huns beyond their power to harm will more than repay me for all the risk I shall run in helping you. You'd better turn in now, O'Brien, and in the morning I'll tell you what I plan to do."

As I removed my clothes and noticed that my knees were still swollen to twice their normal size, that my left ankle was black and blue from the wrench I had given it when I jumped from the train and that my ribs showed through my skin, I realized what a lot I had been through. As a matter of fact, I could not have weighed more than one hundred and fifty pounds at that time, whereas I had tipped the scales at one hundred and ninety when I was with my squadron in France.

I lost no time in getting into bed and still less in getting to sleep. I don't know what I dreamed of that night, but I had plenty of time to go through the experiences of my whole life, for when I was aroused by a knock on the door and Huyliger entered in response to my invitation to enter, he told me that it was nearly noon! I had slept for almost twelve hours.

I cannot say that the thought did not run through my head that perhaps after all I was living in a fool's paradise, and that when Huyliger reappeared it would be with a couple of German soldiers behind him, but I dismissed such misgivings summarily, realizing that I was doing Huyliger an injustice to let such things enter my head even for an instant. I had no right to doubt his sincerity and it would do me no good to entertain such suspicions. If he was going to prove treacherous to me, I was powerless any way to cope with him.

In a few moments my host reappeared with a tray containing my breakfast. I don't suppose I shall ever forget that meal. It consisted of a cup of coffee—real coffee, not the kind I had had at Courtrai—several slices of bread, some hot potatoes and a dish of scrambled eggs.

Every mouthful of that meal tasted like angel-food to me and Huyliger sat on the edge of the bed and watched me enjoying it, at the same time outlining the plans he had made for my escape.

In brief, the scheme was to conceal me in a convent until conditions were ripe for me to make my way to the border. In the meanwhile I was to be dressed in the garb of a priest, and when the time came for me to leave the city I was to pretend that I was a Spanish sailor, because I could speak a little Spanish, which I had picked up on the coast. To attempt to play the part of a Belgian would become increasingly difficult, he pointed out, and would bring inevitable disaster in the event that I was called upon to speak.

Huyliger said I would be given sufficient money to bribe the German guards at the Dutch frontier, and he assured me that everything would work out according to schedule.

"Yours is not the first case, O'Brien, we have handled successfully," he declared. "Only three weeks ago I heard from an English merchant who had escaped from a German detention camp and came to me for assistance and whom I had been able to get through the lines. His message telling me of his safe arrival in Rotterdam came to me in an indirect way, of course, but the fact that the plans we had made carried through without mishap makes me feel that we ought to be able to do as much for you."

I told Huyliger I was ready to follow his instructions and would do anything he suggested.

"I want to rejoin my squadron as soon as I possibly can," I told him, "but I realize that it will take a certain length of time for you to make the necessary arrangements, and I will be as patient as I can."

The first thing to do, Huyliger told me, was to prepare a passport. He had a blank one and it was a comparatively simple matter to fill in the spaces, using a genuine passport which Huyliger possessed as a sample of the handwriting of the passport clerk. My occupation was entered as that of a sailor. My birthplace we gave as Spain, and we put my age at thirty. As a matter of fact, at that time I could easily have passed for thirty-five, but we figured that with proper food and a decent place to sleep at night, I could soon regain my normal appearance, and the passport would have to serve me, perhaps, for several weeks to come.

Filling in the blank spaces on the passport was, as I have said, a comparatively easy matter, but that did not begin to fill the bill. Every genuine passport bore an official rubber stamp, something like an elaborate postmark, and I was at a loss to know how to get over that difficulty.

Fortunately, however, Huyliger had half of a rubber stamp which had evidently been thrown away by the Germans, and he planned to construct the other half out of the cork from a wine bottle. He was very skillful with a penknife, and although he spoilt a score or more of corks before he succeeded in getting anything like the result he was after, the finished article was far better than our most sanguine expectations. Indeed, after we had pared it over here and there, and removed whatever imperfections our repented test disclosed, we had a stamp which made an impression so closely resembling the original that without a magnifying glass, we were sure, it would have been impossible to tell that it was a counterfeit.

Huyliger procured a camera and took a photograph of me to paste on the passport in the place provided for that purpose, and we then had a passport which was entirely satisfactory to both of us and would, we hoped, prove equally so to our friends the Huns.

It had taken two days to fix up the passport. In the meanwhile Huyliger informed me that he had changed his plans about the convent and that instead he would take me to an empty house, where I could remain in safety until he told me it was advisable for me to proceed to the frontier.

This was quite agreeable to me, as I had had misgivings as to the kind of a priest I would make and it seemed to me to be safer to remain aloof from everyone in a deserted house than to have to mingle with people or come in contact with them, even with the best of disguises.

That night I accompanied Huyliger to a fashionable section of the city, where the house in which I was to be concealed was located.

This house turned out to be a four-story structure of brick. Huyliger told me that it had been occupied by a wealthy Belgian before the war, but since 1914 it had been uninhabited save for the occasional habitation of some refugee whom Huyliger was befriending.

Huyliger had a key and let me in, but he did not enter the house with me, stating that he would visit me in the morning.

I explored the place from top to bottom as well as I could without lights. The house was elaborately furnished, but, of course, the dust lay a quarter of an inch thick everywhere. It was a large house, containing some twenty rooms. There were two rooms in the basement four on the first floor, four on the second five on the third and five on the top. In the days that were to come I was to have plenty of opportunity to familiarize myself with the contents of that house but at that time I did not know it and I was curious enough to want to know just what the house contained.

Down in the basement there was a huge pantry but it was absolutely bare, except of dust and dirt. A door which evidently led to a sub-basement attracted my attention and I thought it might be a good idea to know just where it led to in case it became necessary for me to elude searchers.

In that cellar I found case after case of choice wine—Huyliger subsequently told me that there were 1,800 bottles of it! I was so happy at the turn my affairs had taken and in the rosy prospects which I now entertained that I was half inclined to indulge in a little celebration then and there. On second thought, however, I remembered the old warning of the folly of shouting before you are well out of the woods, and I decided that it would be just as well to postpone the festivities for a while and go to bed instead.

In such an elaborately furnished house I had naturally conjured up ideas of a wonderfully large bed, with thick hair mattress, downy quilts and big soft pillows. Indeed, I debated for a while which particular

Outlining the Plans He Had Made for My Escape.

bedroom I should honor with my presence that night. Judge of my disappointment, therefore, when after visiting bedroom after bedroom, I discovered that there wasn't a bed in any one of them that was in a condition to sleep in. All the mattresses had been removed and the rooms were absolutely bare of everything in the way of wool, silk or cotton fabrics. The Germans had apparently swept the house clean.

There was nothing to do, therefore, but to make myself as comfortable as I could on the floor, but as I had grown accustomed by this time to sleeping under far less comfortable conditions, I swallowed my disappointment as cheerfully as I could and lay down for the night.

In the morning Huyliger appeared and brought me some breakfast, and after I had eaten it he asked me what connections I had in France or England from whom I could obtain money.

I told him that I banked at Cox & Co., London, and that if he needed any money I would do anything I could to get it for him, although I did not know just how such things could be arranged.

"Don't worry about that, O'Brien," he replied. "We'll find a way of getting it all right. What I want to know is how far you are prepared to go to compensate me for the risks I am rendering you!"

The change in the man's attitude stunned me. I could hardly believe my ears.

"Of course I shall pay you as well as I can for what you have done, Huyliger," I replied, trying to conceal as far as possible the disappointment his demand had occasioned me, "but don't you think that this is hardly the proper time or occasion to talk of compensation? All I have on me, as you know, is a few hundred francs, and that, of course, you are welcome to, and when I get back, if I ever do, I shall not easily forget that kindness you have shown me. I am sure you need have no concern about my showing my gratitude in a substantial way."

"That's all right, O'Brien," he insisted, looking at me in a knowing sort of way; "you may take care of me afterwards, and then again you may not. I'm not satisfied to wait. I want to be taken care of now!"

"Well, what do you want me to do? How much do you expect in the way of compensation? How can I arrange to get it to you? I am willing to do anything that is reasonable."

"I want —— pounds," he replied, and he named a figure that staggered me. If I had been Lord Kitchener instead of just an ordinary lieutenant in the R. F. C., he would hardly have asked a larger sum. Perhaps he thought I was.

"Well, my dear man," I said smilingly, thinking that perhaps he was joking, "you don't really mean that, do you?"

"I certainly do, O'Brien, and what is more," he threatened, "I intend to get every cent I have asked, and you are going to help me get it."

He pulled out an order calling for the payment to him of the amount he had mentioned and demanded that I sign it.

I waved it aside.

"Huyliger," I said, "you have helped me out so far and perhaps you have the power to help me further. I appreciate what you have done for me, although now, I think, I see what your motive was, but I certainly don't intend to be blackmailed and I tell you right now that I won't stand for it."

"Very well," he said, "it is just as you say, but before you make up your mind so obstinately I would advise you to think it over. I'll be back this evening."

My first impulse, after the man had left, was to get out of that house just as soon as I could. I had the passport he had prepared for me, and I figured that even without further help I could now get to the border without very much difficulty, and when I got there I would have to use my own ingenuity to get through.

It was evident, however, that Huyliger still had an idea that I might change my mind with regard to the payment he had demanded, and I decided that it would be foolish to do anything until he paid me a second visit.

At the beginning of my dealings with Huyliger I had turned over to him some pictures, papers, and other things that I had on me when I entered his house, including my identification disk, and I was rather afraid that he might refuse to return them to me.

All day long I remained in the house without a particle of food other than the breakfast Huyliger had brought to me. From the windows I could see plenty to interest me and help pass the time away, but of my experiences while in that house I shall tell in detail later on, confining my attention now to a narrative of my dealing with Huyliger.

That night he appeared as he had promised.

"Well, O'Brien," he asked, as he entered the room where I was awaiting him, "what do you say? Will you sign the order or not?"

It had occurred to me during the day that the amount demanded was so fabulous that I might have signed the order without any danger of its ever being paid, but the idea of this man, who had claimed to be befriending me, endeavoring to make capital out of my plight galled me so that I was determined not to give it to him whether I could do so in safety or not.

"No, Huyliger," I replied, "I have decided to get along as best I can without any further assistance from you. I shall see that you are reasonably paid for what you have done, but I will not accept any further assistance from you at any price, and what is more I want you to return to me at once all the photographs and other papers and belongings of mine which I turned over to you a day or two ago!"

"I'm sorry about that, O'Brien," he retorted, with a show of apparent sincerity, "but that is something I cannot do."

"If you don't give me back those papers at once," I replied hotly, "I will take steps to get them, and d—d quick too!"

"I don't know just what you could do, O'Brien," he declared coolly, "but as a matter of fact the papers and pictures you refer to are out of the country. I could not get them back to you if I wanted to."

Something told me the man was lying.

"See here, Huyliger!" I threatened, advancing towards him, putting my hand on his shoulder and looking him straight in the eye, "I want those papers and I want them here before midnight to-night. If I don't get them I shall sleep in this place just once more and then, at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall go to the German authorities, give myself up, show them the passport that you fixed for me, tell them how I got it, and explain everything."

Huyliger paled. We had no lights in the house, but we were standing near a landing at the time and the moonlight was streaming through a stained-glass window.

The Belgian turned on his heel and started to go down the stairs.

"Mind you," I called after him, "I shall wait for you till the city clock strikes twelve, and if you don't show up with those papers by that time, the next time you will see me is when you confront me before the German authorities. I am a desperate man, Huyliger, and I mean every word I say."

He let himself out of the door and I sat on the top stair and wondered just what he would do. Would he try to steal a march on me and get in a first word to the authorities so that my story would be discredited when I put it to them?

Of course, my threat to give myself up to the Huns was a pure bluff. While I had no desire to lose the papers which Huyliger had and which included the map and the last resting place of my poor chum Raney, I certainly had no intention of cutting off my nose to spite my face by surrendering to the Germans. I would have been shot, as sure as fate, for after all I had been able to observe behind the German lines I would be regarded as a spy and treated as such.

At the same time I thought I detected a yellow streak in Huyliger, and I figured that he would not want to take the risk of my carrying out my threat even though he believed there was but a small chance of my doing so. If I did, he would undoubtedly share my fate, and the pictures and papers he had of mine were really of no use to him, and I have never been able to ascertain why it was he wished to retain them unless they contained something—some information about me—which accounted for his complete change of attitude towards me in the first place, and he wanted the papers as evidence to account to his superiors for his conduct towards me.

When he first told me that the plan of placing me in a convent disguised as a priest had been abandoned he explained it by saying that the cardinal had issued orders to the priests to

"Your Lives Won't Be Worth a Damn."

help no more fugitives, and I have since wondered whether there was anything in my papers which had turned him against me and led him to forsake me after all he had promised to do for me.

For perhaps two hours I sat on that staircase musing about the peculiar turn in my affairs, when the front door opened and Huyliger ascended the stairs.

"I have brought you such of your belongings as I still had, O'Brien," he said softly. "The rest, as I told you, I cannot give you. They are no longer in my possession."

I looked through the little bunch he handed me. It included my identification disk, most of the papers I valued, and perhaps half of the photographs.

"I don't know what your object is in retaining the rest of my pictures, Huyliger," I replied, "but as a matter of fact, the ones that are missing were only of sentimental value to me and you are welcome to them. We'll call it a beat."

I don't know whether he understood the idiom, but he sat down on the stairs just below me and cogitated for a few moments.

"O'Brien," he started finally, "I'm sorry things have gone the way they have. I feel sorry for you and I would really like to help you. I don't suppose you will believe me, but the matter of the order which which I asked you to sign was not of my doing. However, we won't go into that. The proposition was made to you and you turned it down, and that's the end of it. At the same time, I hate to leave you to your own resources and I am going to make one more suggestion to you for your own good. I have another plan to get you into Holland and if you will go with me to another house, I will introduce you to a man who I think will be in a position to help you."

"How many millions of pounds will he want for his trouble " I answered, sarcastically.

"You can arrange that when you see him. Will you go?"

I suspected there was something fishy about the proposition, but I felt that I could take care of myself and decided to see the thing through. I knew Huyliger would not dare to deliver me to the authorities because of the fact that I had the tell-tale passport, which would be his deathknell as well as my own.

Accordingly I said I would be quite willing to go with him whenever he was ready, and he suggested that we go the next evening.

I pointed out to him that I was entirely without food and asked him whether he could not arrange to bring or send me something to eat while I remained in the house.

"I'm sorry, O'Brien," he replied, "but I'm afraid you will have to get along as best you can. When I brought you your breakfast this morning I took a desperate chance. If I had been discovered by one of the German soldiers entering this house with food in my possession, I would not only have paid the penalty myself, but you would have been discovered, too. It is too dangerous a proposition. Why don't you go out by yourself and buy your food at the stores? That would give you confidence and you'll need plenty of it when you continue your journey to the border."

There was a good deal of truth in what he said and I really could not blame him for not wanting to take any chances to help me in view of the relations between us.

"Very well," I said; "I've gone without food for many hours at a time before and I suppose I shall be able to do so again. I shall look for you tomorrow evening."

The next evening he came and I accompanied him to another house not very far from the one in which I had been staying and not unlike it in appearance. It, too, was a substantial dwelling house which had been untenanted since the beginning save perhaps for such occasional visits as Huyliger and his associates made to it.

Huyliger let himself in and conducted me to a room on the second floor, where he introduced me to two men. One, I could readily see by the resemblance, was his own brother. The other was a stranger.

Very briefly they explained to me that they had procured another passport for me—a genuine one—which would prove far more effective in helping to get me to the frontier than the counterfeit one they had manufactured for me.

I think I saw through their game right at the start, but I listened patiently to what they had to say.

"Of course, you will have to return to us the passport we gave you before we can give you the real one," said Huyliger's brother.

"I haven't the slightest objection," I replied, "if the new passport is all you claim for it. Will you let me see it?"

There was considerable hesitation on the part of Huyliger's brother and the other chap at this.

"Why, I don't think that's necessary at all, Mr. O'Brien," said the former. "You give us the old passport and we will be very glad to give you the new one for it. Isn't that fair enough?"

"It may be fair enough, my friends," I retorted, seeing that it was useless to conceal further the fact that I was fully aware of their whole plan and why I had been brought to this house. "It may be fair enough, my friends," I said, "but you will get the passport that I have here," patting my side and indicating my inside breast pocket, "only off my dead body!"

I suppose the three of them could have made short work of me then and there if they had wanted to go the limit, and no one would ever have been the wiser, but I had gone through so much and I was feeling so mean towards the whole world just at that moment that I was determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"I have that passport here," I replied, "and am going to keep it. If you gentlemen think you can take it from me you are welcome to try!"

To tell the truth, I was spoiling for a fight, and I half wished they would start something. The man who had lived in the house had evidently been a collector of ancient pottery, for the walls were lined with great pieces of earthenware which had every earmark of possessing great value. They certainly possessed great weight. I figured that if the worst came to the worst that pottery would come in mighty handy. A single blow with one of those big vases would put a man out as neatly as possible and as there was lots of pottery and only three men, I believed I had an excellent chance of holding my own in the combat which I had invited.

I had already picked out in my mind what I was going to use, and I got up, stood with my back to the wall and told them that if they ever figured on getting the passport, then would be their best chance.

Apparently they realized that I meant business and they immediately began to expostulate at the attitude I was taking.

One of the men spoke excellent English. In fact, he told me that he could speak five languages, and if he could lie in the others as well as I knew he did in my own tongue, he was not only an accomplished linguist, but a most versatile liar into the bargain.

"My dear fellow," said the linguist, "it is not that we want to deprive you of the passport. Good heavens! if it will aid you in getting out of the country, I wish you could have six just like it. But for our own protection, you owe it to us to proceed on your journey as best you can without it because as long as you have it in your possession you jeopardize our lives, too. Don't you think it is fairer that you should risk your own safety rather than place the lives of three innocent men in danger?"

"That may be as it is, my friends," I retorted, "and I am glad you realize your danger. Keep it in mind, for in case any of you should happen to feel inclined to notify the German authorities that I am in this part of the country, think it over before you do so. Remember always that if the Germans get me, they get the passport, too, and if they get the passport your lives won't be worth a damn! When I tell the history of that clever little piece of pasteboard, I will implicate all three of you, and whoever is working with you, and as I am an officer I rather think my word will be taken before yours. Good night!"

The bluff evidently worked, because I was able to get out of the city without molestation from the Germans.

I have never seen these men since. I hope I never shall, because I am afraid I might be tempted to do something for which I might otherwise be sorry.

I do not mean to imply that all Belgians are like this. I had evidently fallen into the hands of a gang who were endeavoring to make capital out of the misfortunes of those who were referred to them for help. In all countries there are bad as well as good, and in a country which has suffered so much as poor Belgium it is no wonder if some of the survivors have lost their sense of moral perspective.

I know that the average poor peasant in Belgium would divide his scanty rations with a needy fugitive sooner than a wealthy Belgian would dole out a morsel from his comparatively well-stocked larder. Perhaps the poor have less to lose than the rich if their generosity or charity is discovered by the Huns.

There have been many Belgians shot for helping escaped prisoners and other fugitives, and it is not to be wondered at that they are willing to take as few chances as possible. A man with a family, especially, does not feel justified in helping a stranger when he knows that he and his whole family may be shot or sent to prison for their pains.

Although I suffered much from the attitude of Huyliger and his associates, I suppose I ought to hold no grudge against them in view of the unenviable predicament in which they are in themselves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARVELS OF SURGERY IN WAR

Surgeons With Allies' Fighters Repair Seemingly Hopeless Cases of Shattered Bone.

The marvels of surgery which have resulted from the stimulus of war work have confounded the prophets. News of the bravery of our fighting men is not more inspiring than the accounts which come in constantly of the achievements of the scientists of the entente in the field of surgery and medicine, says Portland Oregonian.

There landed in an eastern port the other day a Canadian soldier who is only one of the thousands who can thank their stars that constructive science is keeping pace with destructive enterprise. He had been in the thick of the fighting at Ypres in 1915, shrapnel had shattered the bones of both ankles and both wrists. For a long time he lay in a London hospital, believing that his case was hopeless and that he would be a cripple for life. Then came surgeons who undertook the delicate task of literally "setting him on his feet." Eventually he emerged two inches or so shorter than when he enlisted, walking straight, with agile step, and with full command of his arms and hands.

In principle the repair of this soldier was not a wholly new thing; bone surgery had made material advances in the decade before the war began. An interesting feature of the case, however, is that it was part of the routine of a military hospital, that the surgeons who performed the highly intricate operation and made complete restoration of a man who 20 years ago would have been doomed to a life of hopeless helplessness make no claim to especial merit, and that the whole accomplishment was treated as a matter of course. The soldier is so far recovered that he expects presently to return joyfully to the firing line; the surgeons turn without more ado to the next case, which may be seemingly quite as hopeless but wholly different in matters of technic and detail.

Food Quotas.

The man who works hard needs in a day 12 ounces of one or of a combination of the following: Meat, poultry, cheese, dried vegetables, fish or eggs. To vary the above he may count every glass of milk drunk equal to an ounce of any one of the others. The soldiers, either in home or military life, must have four pounds of fresh fruit and vegetables in order to keep the bony structure in good condition. He will need the three-quarters of a cupful of fat (this includes butter, oil, the fat of meat eaten or any other fat in the daily diet) to keep him warm, and to this group he must add one and one-fourth pounds of bread or cereal and finally, in order to complete the necessary amount of driving power, he must have two ounces of sugar or one third of a cupful of sirup.

Wealth of Forestry.

The coast forests of southern and southeastern Alaska are included in the national forests of Tongass and Chugach, which comprise over ninety-six million acres, a large proportion of which is covered with trees. Of these, Sitka spruce averages about 20 per cent and western hemlock about 75 per cent. The spruce are occasionally six feet in diameter and 150 feet tall. The interior forests are practically all found in the drainage basins of the Yukon and Kushokwim rivers, and it is estimated that there are forty million acres bearing trees large enough for cordwood and logs.

ONLY MADE MATTERS WORSE

Small Girl's Efforts to "Fudge" on Unfortunate Remark Could Not Be Called Successful.

A number of women were discussing Liberty bonds one afternoon in a neighbor's house. Almost unnoticed a little neighbor girl had entered. At this point in the discussion she exclaimed:

"Well, my aunt says she might just as well buy a Liberty bond as to be taxed!"

Her remark caused a good bit of comment. One guest, who has a son in the service, became very indignant, and exclaimed:

"The idea! Buying a bond to escape taxation! That's patriotism for you! That makes me tired—anybody as able as she is to buy bonds, or anything."

With that last remark the speaker "flew" out of the house.

The little girl, beholding the strife and bad feeling she had stirred up, tried to "fudge" on her remark, explaining that it wasn't her aunt who made the remark, but some other woman. The neighbor women held her to her first remark, and were making it pretty "warm" for the little girl, when she finally burst out with:

"Well, you don't know how much it costs my aunt to live; and how much its costs her to take that trip to Niagara Falls!"

The laugh with which the women greeted this innocent remark was sufficient to send the loyal and innocent girl running from the room. Truly, her "lines had not fallen in pleasant places" that afternoon.

Culinary Camouflage.

Our first recollection of the art of camouflage is the way they used to put a nice brown meringue on top of the bread pudding, making it look like something good.—Ohio State Journal.

HAS HELPING HAND FOR ALL

Red Cross Most Appropriately Designated as the "Greatest Mother in the World."

Stretching forth her hands to all in need; to Jew or Gentile, black or white, knowing no favorite, yet favoring all.

Ready and eager to comfort at a time when comfort is most needed; helping the little home that's crushed beneath an iron hand by showing mercy in a healthy, human way; rebuilding it, in fact, with stone on stone; replenishing empty bins and empty cupboards; bringing warmth to hearts and hearths too long neglected.

Seeing all things with a mother's sixth sense that's blind to jealousy and meanness; seeing men in their true light, as naughty children—snatching, biting, biter—but with a hidden side that's quickest touched by mercy. Reaching out her hands across the sea to No Man's Land; to cheer with warmer comforts thousands who must stand and wait in stenched and crawling holes and water-soaked entrenchments where cold and wet bite deeper, so they write, than Boche steel or lead.

She's warming thousands, feeding, healing thousands from her store; the greatest mother in the world—the Red Cross.—Warren Anderson in "Packages."

Russian Sturgeon Fisheries.

Sturgeon of various species are especially abundant in Russia, where the sturgeon fisheries are of great value. The flesh is eaten when fresh, but is chiefly used in the preserved form, either smoked or salted. More than 10,000 fish are sometimes caught at a single fishing station during the upstream migration, which lasts for a fortnight. The eggs are removed in quantity from the ovaries and separately prepared as "caviare."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 29

REVIEW.

SUBJECT—What It Means to Be a Christian.

SELECTION FOR READING—I John 3:1-24.

GOLDEN TEXT—My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed, and truth.—I John 3:18.

Perhaps the best way to review the lessons of this quarter will be to take the several lessons and note their bearing on the subject chosen for review; namely: What it means to be a Christian. In order to get the best results, assignment should be made of the several lessons to different parties to come prepared to give the teaching of the particular lesson on the subject. The following is suggested as a possible way of presenting the matter.

Lesson I. It means that each individual must exercise faith in Jesus Christ as a personal Savior. One may have his heart opened by the Lord while listening to the Word of God at a stated meeting, like Lydia, or be convinced through the manifestation of the mighty power of God, as the Philippian jailer. In all cases it is the one Savior and the one faith.

Lesson II. It means that those who have really exercised faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will attentively read God's Word. Even a great statesman like the Ethiopian Eunuch will be blessed in its reading, for the Word of God converts the soul, makes wise the simple, puts gladness into the heart, enlightens the eyes, satisfies the longing soul, warns against dangers, and brings reward to those who obey its precepts.

Lesson III. It means a life of personal prayer and communion with God. The one who has become a child of God has the glorious privilege of coming to him with his needs with the assurance that God will supply them. God is more willing to give to his children than any earthly father is to his children.

Lesson IV. It means a life of obedience to the Word and will of God. Prompt and definite obedience will be rendered, even to the separation from business, and the ties of nature, when such stand in the way. Peter, Andrew, James and John obeyed, and it meant to them great spiritual blessings. From fishing for fish, they were promoted to fishing for men. Obedience to God pays. The disciple of Christ will treasure up his words.

Lesson V. It means growth in grace. Jesus himself grew in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man. Merely accepting Christ is not enough; there must be growth.

Lesson VI. It means a life of helpfulness to others. One who has been made a partaker of the Divine nature will, like his master, give himself in helpful service to others. He will be a neighbor to the needy and unfortunate, even as the Good Samaritan. Being good in himself, he will be doing good to others. He will use every opportunity to do good.

Lesson VII. It means attendance at the place of worship, receiving the teaching of the Word of God, partaking of the communion, and rendering service in some capacity in the church.

Lesson VIII. It means confessing Christ before men, and waiting with expectant hope for the coming of Jesus Christ from Heaven. The grand incentive for faithfulness in witnessing for Christ is the assurance that he will come again.

Lesson IX. It means that we will give of our possessions to the poor and needy, love our enemies, and refrain from censorious judgment. God estimates our gifts, not by their size but by what we have left.

Lesson X. It means that one will strive to conquer his evil propensities, not allow covetousness to master him as did Ahab, and separate himself from those who walk in darkness. He will exercise great caution lest he become overcome by the devil.

Lesson XI. It means being holy and true, in order that we may preserve from corruption the great mass of men and enlighten those in darkness, preaching the Gospel to every creature, conscious that the presence and power of Christ will abide.

Lesson XII. It means that every talent entrusted to us will be put to use, so that when the Lord comes we can make an account to him which will secure his commendation and reward.

After Asking God.

It may wound God sorely to have us keen on asking him for what he wants to give us and what we ought to have. And we can defraud ourselves by thus asking God. For example, we need power in our lives; spiritual, supernatural power, if we are to live normal, victorious, efficient Christian lives. Now it has been truly said that "the way to have power is to ask for it." But what then? Many a Christian has done that, and is continuing to do it, just asking God hour after hour, and day after day, for power. And all the while God is patiently, longingly waiting for that one to take what he has asked for and what God eagerly offers. So that the way to have power is, not merely to ask for it, but to take it. That is, to believe, in blind, cold faith, that God has heard and is answering. God pledges us his word for this. Let us keep from wounding him by a continued asking for that which he freely gives.

The Greatest Teachings.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach. —Milton.

Any Gospel that leaves out the atoning blood is something substituted for the only Gospel God has ever commissioned the missionary to deliver.

Favors Bible for Every Soldier.

In a letter to the American Bible society Major General Wood says: "Godspeed and all success in the work you are undertaking. I earnestly hope that you will be successful in placing a Bible in the hands of every soldier."

Promises in the Bible.

If there is one fact, or doctrine, or command, or promise in the Bible which has produced no practical effect on your temper, or heart, or conduct, be assured that you do not truly believe it.—Payson.

FIRST LESSON IN SWIMMING

Coaxing Proving Unavailable, Mother Muskrat Pushed Her Young Ones From the Bank.

At the pool our attention was attracted by a comical picture made by an old muskrat trying to teach her babies to swim. It struck me as strange that she should go to such trouble, the little rats should have known instinctively how to navigate, but they clung to the bank and to the shallow water, above which rose their fluffy backs, bright eyes and sharp noses.

The mother set them the example by swimming across and back. She endeavored to coax, and finally she pushed them over their depth and let them make their way to the shore, though you may be sure she stayed close by. When we were seen the old lady shrieked "Tramps!" in characteristic muskrat language and fled to her sub-aquatic vestibule, I suppose to call the police.

The little ones did not attempt to escape. Ostrichlike they hid their heads among the roots and left their naked tails waving above the water like a new species of juncos waiting to be examined. The madam could not quite ignore the material instinct, as she returned and conducted her happy family to the nursery, where they received their first lesson in misanthropy.—Forest and Stream.

Familiar Sounds.

An Alsatian correspondent of Dr. David Starr Jordan writes that to his "joyous astonishment" he has discovered among the bugle calls of the American army in France "airs which are exactly those we used to hear in times of peace in passing from our barracks to the drill grounds. Among these are notably the reveille, the soap call, the call to the officers and the rare call to the general, which the public seldom hears. His explanation is a natural one. "These calls are those which Lafayette brought to Washington's troops in the War of Independence."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

One From Uncle Joe.

Uncle Joe Cannon tells of a conversation overheard in his home town in Illinois.

"Was the wedding a success?"

"Yes, in most particulars; but some of the guests thought the bride's mother did a lot more crying than was necessary. You see, the young couple are to make their home with her, so she really isn't losing her daughter."

"Maybe that was what she was crying about."

After Deep Thought.

A young man had been put on sentry duty for the first time and was stationed near the barracks. It was not long before an officer came along. The young man suddenly forgot the challenge, "Who goes there?" and after a moment of deep thought, thinking he had remembered, called out, loudly, "Look what's here!"

"Sending good money after bad" is apt to give the good a bad reputation.